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THE
Town and Country
SONGSTER;

OR,
VOCAL COMPANION:

A CHOICE COLLECTION of
The most CELEBRATED SONGS,
Including the MODERN, that are sung at the
THEATRES, PUBLIC GARDENS, &c.

Many of which have never yet been published.

—Our happy Minutes we will pass,
With a jovial Song and a cheerful Glass.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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THE
TOWN AND COUNTRY
SONGSTER.

S O N G.

MARY SCOTT.

HAPPY's the love that meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover,
The torments of a hopeless lover:
Ye registers of heaven relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd as marrow,
To Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow.

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the Gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her:
O lovely maid, my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile;
Alas! if not you'll soon debar—a
Sighing Swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush my fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
She is too good to let me languish;
With success crown'd I'll not envy,
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a Paradise on Yarrow.

B 2

SONG.

BLUE EY'D PATTY.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing,
 Old Chevy Chace, God save the King,
 Fair Rosemy, and Sawney Scot,
 Lillibullero, and what not:

All these would sing my blue ey'd Patty,
 As with her pail she trudg'd along,
 While still the burthen of her song,
 My hammer beat to blue ey'd Patty.

But nipping frosts and chilling rain,
 Too soon, alas! choak'd every strain,
 Too soon, alas! the miry way,
 Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
 And hoarse was heard my blue ey'd Patty:
 While I for very mad did cry,
 Ah! could I but again said I,
 Hear the sweet voice of blue ey'd Patty.

Love taught me how, I work'd I sung,
 My anvil glow'd my hammer rung,
 Till I had form'd from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue ey'd Patty:
 Again was heard each tuneful close,
 My fair one on the patten rose,
 Which takes its name from blue ey'd Patty.

S O N G.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one ev'ning
 in may,
 The little birds in blythest notes made vocal ev'ry
 spry;
 They sung their little tales of love, they sung them
 o'er and o'er,
 Ah gramachree ma cholleenouge ma molly ashore.

The daffie pied and all the sweets the dawn of na-
 ture yields.

The primrose pale, the vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er
 the field:

Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her who I adore,
Ah gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel
 Molly's hate;

How can she break the honest heart that wears her
 in its core:

Ah gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me molly dear, ah why did I
 believe,

Yet who could think such tender words were meant
 but to deceive;

That love was all I ask on earth, nay heav'n could
 give no more:

B 3

Ah gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow
hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green
pasture fill ;
With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy
store :

Ab gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head sat courting on a
bough,
I envied them their happiness to see them bill and
coo ;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd but now alas
tis o'er :

Ab gramachree, &c.

Then fare the well my Molly dear, thy loss I e'er
shall mourn,
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart, twill beat
for thee alone ;
Tho' thou art false may heav'n on thee its choicest
blessings pour :

Ab gramachree, &c.

S O N G.

DANS SON LIT.

MY fanny kindly sent to me,
An answer to dans vote lit ;
The tender fair one you will see,
Confesses that she thinks on me.

Dans Son Lit, &c.

When Phœbus closes in the day,
And Luna beams a fainter ray,
E're gentle sleep descends on me,
Fond Strephon then I think on thee.

Dans Mon Lit, &c.

And when at last I sink to rest,
Then morpheus hovers o'er my breast;
Thy happy forms in dreams I see,
And think alone, alone on thee.

Dans Mon Lit, &c.

Then thro' the long extended night,
My fancy's charm'd with soft delight;
For little cupids wait on me,
To make me only think on thee.

Dans Mon Lit, &c.

Then waking with the orient morn,
Alas! I find myself forlorn;
And till you join your hand with me,
I sure can think of none but thee.

Dans Mon Lit, &c.

S O N G.

FAIR ROSALIE.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

ON that lone bank where Lubin died,
Fair Rosalie a wretched maid;
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's shade:

Oh! may some kindsome gentle wave,
 Waft him to this mournful shore;
 These tender hands should make his grave,
 And deck his corps with flowers o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
 And pray for his eternal rest;
 When time his form has worn away,
 His dust I'd place within my breast;
 While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
 And echo to her grief replied;
 Lo at her feet his corpse was tost,
 She shriek'd! she clasp'd him, sigh'd and dy'd.

S O N G.

FAL DE RAL TIT.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Harlequin Teague.

'T WAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance;
 And when in Wapping I did dance,
 O the like was never seen:
 For I made the music loud for to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away;
 And when I had nothing left to say
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames-street,
 A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
 And I was resolv'd him to treat
 With a cann of grog, gillio!

A cann of grog they brought us straight,
 All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
 And satisfaction gave him straight;
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The macaronies next came in,
 All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
 And thinking for to strike me dumb—
 Some were short and some were tall;
 But tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,
 As how he wish'd I would go away,
 And if I 'tempted for to stay,
 As how he'd take the law:
 Lord d—n me, says I, you may do your worst,
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst;
 All this I said, and nothing worse;
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've cross'd the raging main,
 And be come back to Old England again,
 Of grog I'll drink galore;
 With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
 And for her costly robes I'll provide,
 So that she shall be quite satisfied
 Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

S O N G.

HE'LL STAY A GREAT WHILE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

BLITHE Colin, a pretty young swain,
 To court me came many a mile ;
 I bid him return back again,
 Tho' I wish'd him to stay a great while.

With all by which love is express'd,
 He studies my heart to beguile ;
 I wish him success I protest,
 Tho' I tell him he'll wait a great while.

He brought me this nosegay so sweet,
 And thought it more pleasure than toil ;
 I took it, reserv'd and discreet,
 But I'll not let him wait a great while.

He beg'd me to grant him a kiss,
 So earnest, he made me quite smile—
 Have done !—I cried, fie ! 'tis amiss ;
 Tho' I wish'd it to last a great while.

He tells me I ought to be kind,
 That time all my beauties will spoil ;
 I cross him, tho' quite of his mind,
 For I love he should talk a great while.

I fancy, by what he has said,
 My husband he'll be by his side ;
 And when he once asks me to wed,
 Oh ! I'll not let him wait a great while.

S O N G.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung by Mr. Wells, in the Agreeable Surprise.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad,
 Why let 'em scold and bellow;
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well O;
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over—night was come—
 The lad was somewhat mellow:
 Says he, my dear, I'll see you home;
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along—the moon shone bright,
 Says he, my sweetest Nello,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light:
 Lord, what a charming fellow!

You rogue, says I, you've stop'd my breath,
 Ye bells, ring out my knello:
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

S O N G.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Sung by Mr. Kennedy and Mrs. Martyr, in Refins.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kifs'd and I've prattled with fifty fair
 maids,
 And chang'd them as oft d'ye see;
 But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
 The maid of the mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
 And call'd me the fairest she;
 But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
 Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
 Her face like the blossoms in May,
 Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
 Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's strait as the poplar tree,
 His cheeks are as fresh as a rose;
 He looks like a 'squire of high degree
 When drest in his Sunday's cloaths.

S O N G.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Positive Man.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forc'd from her to go,
 Adown her cheeks run many a tear——
 My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
 The land we left behind——
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen,
 My sweet, my bonny bride.

That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore——
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away ?
 And is he gone ? she cried :
 My Polly, sweetest flow'r of May——
 She languish'd, droop'd, and died.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

THE top-sails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea ;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall 'be his guiding star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 It love breath'd constant gales :
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves ;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers and not slaves :
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we leave our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but if you're kind
 We'll scorn the dashing main ;
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'r of France and Spain :
 Now England's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu !

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

DISTRESS me with those tears no more,
 One kiss, my love, and then adieu;
 The last boat destin'd for the shore
 Waits, dearest girl, alone for you:
 Soon, soon before the light winds borne,
 Shall I be sever'd from your sight,
 You left the lonely hours to mourn,
 And weep thro' many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
 In trim array the ship shall steer,
 Your form, remembrance still shall keep;
 Your worth, affection still revere:
 And, with the distance from your eyes,
 My love for you shall be increas'd,
 As to the pole the needle lies,
 And, farthest off, still varies least.

While round the bowl the cheerful crew
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you—
 Of you alone shall be my strain:
 And when we've bow'd the leagu'ing foe,
 Revengful for our country's wrong,
 Returning home, my heart shall shew
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

S O N G.

CHLOE'S KISSES.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind!
 For since I love thee beyond measure.
 To numbers I'll not be confin'd.

Count the bee's that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore;
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:
 What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent;
 But the wretch who can number his kisses
 Will always with few be content.

S O N G.

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me;
Cupid is my theme of story,
'Tis his godship's fame and glory:
How all yield unto his law!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play;
He makes heroes quit their glory;
He's the god most fam'd in story;
Bending them unto his law.

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity—piercing hearts:
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions:
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law.

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts—'twixt me and you:
Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,
How you meet before you marry:
Cupid's will is solely law.

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

S O N G.

FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy

MUST peace and pleasure's melting strain,
 For ever in this circle reign,
 Awhile the muse with ardour glows,
 To pay the debt that Britain owes,
 O wave awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land,

The foldier seeks a distant plain,
 The sailor ploughs the boisterous main,
 Their toil domestic ease secures,
 The labour theirs, the pleasure yours:
 Then change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets,
 Enjoy within your gay retreats,
 Think, think on those who guard the shore,
 Whence unmolested springs your store:
 And change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice:
Change, change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

And ye who in this frolic train,
Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
And wild with pleasure's airy round,
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd:
Amid your social dear delights
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

S O N G.

BLACK EY'D SUSAN,

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamer's waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true,
If my sweet William fails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows too and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The ropes slide swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mates shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into his nest :—
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again :
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempts with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailor's, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho'

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer she must stay on board,
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G.

CHARMS OF LIBERTY.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth combine,
 In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
 Why was I born, ye Gods, to see
 What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
 My heart was lively, blithe, and gay,
 Cou'd sport with ev'ry nymph but she
 Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, e'er too late,
 That death must be my hapless fate,
 If love and you do not agree,
 To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
 Reflecting on the pains of love,
 And envy ev'ry clown I see
 Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
 And ev'ry idle care disdain;
 We'll live in sweet tranquility,
 Nor wish for greater liberty.

S O N G.

CHARMING SALLY.

NO nymphs that trip the verdant plain,
 With Sally can compare;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair:
 The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
 While summer seasons roll,
 But Sally's smiles can all the year,
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the East the morning ray,
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day,
 With emulation glow:

Fresh

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweet notes prepare,
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice:
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I bud for Sally's bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vocal ev'ry vale:
 The stream meand'ring through the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain,
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry may-morn on the plain,
 Advance in rural sport resort,
 Advance in rural sport:
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G.

DELIA'S POWER.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I wou'd approach, but dare not move,
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear,
 No other wit but her's approve;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 That instant enemy I prove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she be absent I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shady grove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

S O N G.

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 Lift, ye landsmen, all to me;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea:
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise;
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsly bawling,
 By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand;
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand:
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee-top-sail-sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now, all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
 Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting
 Safe from all but love's alarms:
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;
 Harder yet, yet it blows harder,
 Hark, again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail-yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse:
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear;
 Hands up, each preventer-brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peals on peals contending clash;
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue light'nings flash:
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The fore-mast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath, the chestree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck:
 Quick the land-yards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet water's in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return!
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below:
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
 For only that can save us now!

On the lee-beam is the land boys,
 Let the guns e'erboard be thrown;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand boys,
 See, our mizen-mast is gone:
 The leak we've found it can't pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more:
 Up, and rig a jury fore-mast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune sav'd our lives;
 Come—the can, boys—let's be drinking,
 To our sweethearts and our wives:
 Fill it up—about ship wheel it.
 Close to the lips a brimmer join;
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
 None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

S O N G.

AMO AMAS,

Sung by Mr. Edwin in the Agreeable Surprise.

AMO *amas*,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender:
 Sweet Cowslips grace
 Is her nomn'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

C 2

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Rorum corum,
Sunt di-vo-rum,
Harum scarum,
Divo!—

Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat band,
Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo!

Can I decline,
A nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*;
Her *oculus* bright,
Her *manus* white,
And soft, when I *tacto*, her pulse is.
Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how *bella*,
My *puella*!
I'll kiss, *secula seculorum*:
If I've luck, fir,
She's my *uxor*;
O *dies benidictorum*!
Rorum corum, &c.

SONG.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE,

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Quaker.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily,
ah!

Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;

And

And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the
dow'r,

With his mate shall the sports have begun;
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can
blame?—

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

S O N G.

PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.

I AM married, and happy—with wonder hear
this,

Ye rovers and rakes of the age;
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
And who only loose pleasures engage.

You may laugh—but, believe me, you're all in the
wrong,

When you merrily marriage deride;
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
Are fugitive—never sincere;
Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprise,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear.

But those which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry embitt'ring reflection refin'd,
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name;
True love is with sentiment join'd;
But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;
Ye are led and misled by flatt'ring false fire,
And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,
My answer is short—from a wife,
Who for cheerfulness, sense, and good-nature I chose,
Which are beauties that charm us for life.

To

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

S O N G.

I MADE LOVE TO KATE,

Sung in the Jovial Crew.

I MADE love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
 'Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me;
 I met her on the green in her best array,
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away:
 Oh, then we kifs'd and prefs'd, were we much to
 blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
 But then I laugh'd and swore, I lov'd her more than
 so,

For, tied each to a rope's-end, 'twas tugging to and
 fro:

Again we kifs'd and prefs'd, were we much to blame?
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same:

Then she sigh'd and said, she was wond'rous sick;
 Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick:
 Long we toy'd and play'd under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd in joke:
 For there we did, alas! what I dare not name,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

S O N G.

THE LASS OF DEE,

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

NOW all the groves, in verdure gay,
 Are deck'd to hail the spring;
 Our fleecy care securely play,
 The birds melodious sing:
 Ye blooming nymphs and jocund swains,
 Assemble round this tree,
 And join with me, in rustic strains,
 To praise the lass of Dee.

To praise, &c.

While fragrant odours fill the air,
 We haste to yonder grove,
 And there, with rural sports, prepare
 To hail the queen of love:
 Then come, ye nymphs, and jocund swains,
 Assemble round this tree,
 And join with me, in rustic strains,
 To praise the lass of Dee.

Then, while ye tune the merry reed,
 We'll lead the dance with glee;
 Like graces on the queen of love,
 Our hearts from envy free:
 In rustic strains, we'll ever prove
 Assembled round this tree,
 That nymphs with joy, and swains from love,
 All prais'd the lass of Dee.

S O N G.

THE PLAYTHINGS OF LIFE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

ALL men are mere children, all women
 same,
 Who, increasing in years, get a different name ;
 But still the pursuit of each great girl or boy,
 Is after some pretty, fantastic new toy ;
 Which, when first obtain'd, for a moment they prize,
 Yet the next they destroy, or neglect, or despise ;
 While the world's one large nurs'ry of envy and
 strife,
 Where the bantlings contend for the playthings of
 life.

The playthings, &c.

What more than mere toys, tho' of such high renown,
 Are the bishop's lawn sleeves, or the judge's furr'd
 gown ;

What coronets, mitres, wigs, patches, or wands
 What ribbands and medals, caps, tassels, and bands!
 What all tinsel of state, jewels, garters, and strings,
 Which kings can bestow, and which deck even kings!
 Yet these are the baubles that generate strife,
 Among children who pant for the playthings of life.

Hark, mortals ! your passion for gew-gaws repress,
 To few be attach'd, nor those to excess ;
 For excess will to evil convert ev'ry good,
 Your joy turn to anguish, to poison your food :

While the choice, made with prudence, by prudence
 confin'd,
 Bids the body feel blifs, without paining the mind;
 And thus wife to husband, and husband to wife,
 Prove the best and most permanent playthings of life.

S O N G.

DEAR MARY,

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

FAREWEL to Old England, thy white cliffs
 adieu !

Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you ?
 Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,
 No distance can change the true love of my soul !
 As well might my messmates determine to bale,
 All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
 As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of you ;
 Farewel to Old England, dear Mary adieu !

Farewel, &c.

Dear Mary, adieu ! can that love go to wreck,
 Where ev'ry plank bears your sweet name on the
 deck ?

Nay, many love knots on the tops I have made,
 While guileless my shipmates at chequers have
 play'd :

Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,
 My mind is more happy, in fighting to thee ;
 More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you,
 For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu !

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar;
'Tis his compass, his helm; 'tis his guide and his
star;

'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails;
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales:
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes, adieu! into—welcome return.

S O N G.

THE DESCRIPTION.

Composed by Miss Casson.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, whilst I impart,
The secret wishes of my heart;
And tell that swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside,
Let honour all his actions guide;
Stedfast in virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
With pure good-nature sweetly join'd;
Sure friend to modest merit be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
 Where grief bedews the melting eye;
 Melting in sympathy I see,
 The swain design'd for love and me.

S O N G.

DIANA LEADS FORWARD.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

HARK, hark to the sound of the sweet winding
 horn,
 It invites to the chace and awakens the morn :
 Hark, &c.

Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blith strain,
 Diana, &c.

While Bacchus deprives us of reason and wealth,
 The sports of the field give both pleasure and health ;
 Such innocent pastimes ensure us all joys,
 Where no bus'ness disturbs, no malice destroys :
 Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blith strain.

S O N G.

THE BRUNETTE.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

MY heart's soft emotions admit no disguise,
 To cheat the poor nymphs of the plain;
 For the passion I feel is confess'd by my eyes,
 And love shews the wound of the swain:
 And love, &c.
 And such were my plaints when I happily met
 The arch hazel eyes of my lovely Brunette.
 And such, &c.

Would you know all the magic that lives in her
 mien,
 By which my fond heart she has won;
 Go take (like the Grecian) each beauty that's seen,
 And comprise all their graces in one:
 Then wonder, like me, at the pleasure fraught Bet,
 And wear the soft chains of the lovely Brunette.

The wandering kidlings that sport on the hills,
 Leave their browsing to list to her lay;
 She charms the swift course of the murmuring rills,
 And arrests the bright chariot of day:
 The winds stop, enraptur'd, to list to my Bet,
 And gratefully fan the accomplish'd Brunette.

Had I all the wealth that stern avarice sought,
 When he ravag'd the glittering mine;
 Had I all the treasures that Cræsus had bought,
 The gems, my sweet girl, should be thine:
 But trifles, like these, are despis'd by my Bet,
 For merit alone wins the lovely Brunette.

S O N G.

MY DADDY O.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

MY Daddy O was very good,
 To make me fine he spar'd no money,
 And icrape up filler all he could,
 He'd ge'it to make his Jane look bonny:
 My cap it came from Aberdeen,
 In filken gown I bra'ly flaunted;
 Tho' all I ask'd was mine I wean,
 Yet my ha heigh ho
 Oh! did plainly shew,
 There was something yet poor Jenny wanted.

Blyth Jockey O, upon his mare,
 Adoon the dell, his horn rang sweetly,
 Presented at my feet the hare,
 That o'er the wild thyme ran so featly:
 James brought a nosegay for my breast,
 And myrtle slips himself had planted,
 Gay Sandy too a lav'rock's nest.

Yn, &c.

Young Patie O, his dog so weel,
Can dance, they say he's worth a guinea;
I, laughing, prais'd his twa legg'd reel,
And Patie cry'd he's thine sweet Jenny:
When to our fair I gang awa',
Gued troth I thought myself enchanted,
But tho' they'd gi' me all I saw.

Tet, &c.

Sae fastly O I yester night
The moon sae kind the while kept blinking,
Stole out my ain true love to meet,
Yet on false love I fell to thinking;
The rus'ling leaves increas'd my fears,
A footstep falls, my bosom panted;
Oh! joy my Willy now appears.

And, &c.

S O N G.

MA CHERE AMIE.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

MA Chere Amie, my charming fair,
Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care;
In kind compassion smile on me,
Whose only care is love of thee.

Ma Chere Amie, &c.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
My bosom caught the tender flame;
May friendship in thy bosom be
Converted into love for me.

Ma Chere Amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one;
Let pity soften thy decree,
I droop, dear maid, I die for thee.

Ma Chere Amie, &c.

S O N G.

MON CHERE AMIE.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

M O N Cher Ami, ami tres cher,
My love shall sooth thy ev'ry care;
Thou in return shalt smile on me,
Nor ought but love our life shall see.

Mon Cher Ami, &c.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
Thy breast shall still retain the flame,
With which it long has glow'd for me,
Thy constant wedded friend I'll be,

Mon Cher Ami, &c.

United thus, may ev'ry year,
Thy Lydia grow to thee more dear;
Nor sue for pity more from me,
Nor droop for her who lives for thee,

Mon Cher Ami, &c.

S O N G.

THE HEIRESS.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Hierefs.

FOR tenderness form'd in life's early day,
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way;
A parent's, &c.
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And e'er words were my own I spoke with a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove;
The warbled, &c.
Youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
The object still changing, the sympathy new.

Soft embers of passion still rest in their glow,
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know;
A warmth, &c.
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

S O N G.

T'OTHER DAY 'T WAS IN THE MEAD.

Sung by Miss Watson, at the Spa Gardens, Bermandsey.

T'OTHER day 'twas in the mead,
Young Jockey came to me;
Between us then it was agreed,
That I his bride should be:

Sweetly

Sweetly me he did carefs,
And said I was his pride;
Pleas'd was I, yet must confefs,
I thought I should have died.

Jockey is a pretty lad,
There's none fo blith as he;
When he is by my heart is glad,
O he's the man for me.

Next day Jockey to me said,
Dear Jenny will you wed;
O dear, said I, I am afraid;
Poor Youth he hung his head:
All his wish was to be wed,
He would not be deny'd;
Pleas'd was I, yet must confefs,
I thought I should have died.

Jockey is, &c.

Yesterday to church we went,
And there we join'd our hands,
We neither shall I hope repent,
Tho' fast in Hymen's bands:
Had you seen us go to church,
He laughing, while I cry'd;
Had he left me in the lurch,
I'm sure I should have died.

Jockey is, &c.

S O N G.

MARY'S DREAM, OR SANDY'S GHOST.

*Sung by Mrs. Crouch, at Hanover-Square Concerts,
and at the Pantheon.*

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee;
And from the eastern summit shed,
Her silver lights on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
Then, soft and low, a voice was heard
Say, Mary weep no more for me.

She, from her pillow, gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye;
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tofs'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain:
E'en then, when horror chil'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

O, maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt or care,
 And thou and I shall part no more :”
 Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But, soft, the passing spirit said,
 “ Sweet Mary weep no more for me.”

S O N G.

YO YEA.

Sung by Mr. Barrington, at Sadler's Wells.

I Sail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
 With a stiff blowing gale and rough sea ;
 Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
 Safe here at an anchor, yo yea, &c.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
 And cry'd now be constant to me ;
 I told her not to be down hearted,
 So up went the anchor, yo yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
 And the storm came on weather and lee ;
 The hope I with her should be harbour'd,
 Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.

And now my boys, would you believe me,
 I return'd with no rhino from sea ;
 Mrs. Polly would never receive me,
 So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.

S O N G.

VIRTUOUS LOVE.

HOW sweet is love when virtue guides,
 How transient is the mind ;
 Smooth as the summer's peaceful tides,
 As grateful and as kind.

The morning breaks serenely clear,
 We welcome in the day ;
 The evening comes without a fear,
 The night our toils repay.

But sad reverse where vice appears,
 With all her scorpion train ;
 Joyless we pass our prime of years,
 And end a life in pain.

S O N G.

THE NYMPH THAT I LOVE.

THE nymph that I love is as chearful as day,
 And as blith as the blossoming hawthorn in
 May,

Her temper is smooth as the down on the dove,
 And her face is as fair as the mother of love :
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odours from violet beds ;
 Yet warm in affection, as Phœbus at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver white beams of the moon.

Her mind is un sullied as new fall en snow,
 Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow ;
 As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood,
 She, tho' witty is wise, and tho' beautiful, good ;
 The sweets that each virtue or grace has in store,
 She culls as the bee does the sweets of each flow'r,
 Which, treasur'd for me, O how happy am I !
 For tho' hers to collect, it is mine to enjoy.

S O N G.

THE WILLOW OF THE DEE.

THE sun descending thro' the sky,
 Had warn'd the tuneful choir to rest ;
 The star of eve unfolding high,
 In glitt'ring splendor grac'd the West :
 When, all despairing and forlorn,
 A beauteous maid I chanc'd to see,
 In wildest notes she seem'd to mourn,
 Beside the willow of the Dee.

Ah Jemmy why, she fondly cry'd,
 From these lone arms do you delay ;
 And fear not I shall angry chide,
 With tears your long and ling'ring stay ;
 With glory's laurel to be crown'd,
 Has stole your fickle heart from me,
 And I alone am weeping found,
 Beside the willow of the Dee.

I vainly hop'd a swift return,
 When you to battle glowing went :
 But now I fear to view your urn,
 To sorrowing love and friendship sent :
 Then shall these roses lose their bloom,
 To Death's cold hand I soon shall flee ;
 And pitying love shall mark my Tomb,
 Beside the willow of the Dee.

S O N G.

NEW TALLY HO.

THE Hunters are up and the ruddy fac'd morn,
 Most chearful salute with the musical horn ;
 The blue misty mountains seem join'd with the skies,
 And the dogs yelp aloud as away reynard flies :
 Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The high mettled steed sweeps away at the sound,
 And the hills seem to move as they fly o'er the
 ground ;

Each prospect is charming, all nature is gay,
 And promises sport and success thro' the day.
 Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The goddess of pleasure, sweet rosy cheek'd health,
 Gives joys more abundant than titles or wealth ;
 And appetite gives to their viands a zest,
 Above all the sauces by cooks ever drest.
 Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue

Huzza ! then my boys, to the chace let's away,
 Nor in indolence lose the delights of the day;
 From fashion and folly we borrow no grace,
 But joy paints the cheeks as we follow the chace.
 Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,
 The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

S O N G.

WERTER TO CHARLOTTE.

THE conflict's o'er, my love adieu,
 To death I'll yield serene and brave;
 Before these parting lines you view,
 Werter shall sleep within his grave:
 When e'er the summer's sun you greet,
 Recal the hours of earliest bloom;
 And mark! the ev'ning breeze how fleet,
 Waves the high grais around my tomb.

Waves the, &c.

From this blest moment you are mine,
 Yes Charlotte, I but go before
 To our dread father's heav'nly shrine,
 Where sorrows voice is heard no more:
 He shall receive and comfort give,
 To one oppress'd with grief and pain;
 'Till you at length to bliss arrive,
 And there for ever we remain.

And there, &c.

S O N G.

THE YOUNG LINNET.

Sung in Cymon.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage;
 Yet, how sad the poor thing was within it!
 Oh, how it did flutter and rage:
 Then he mop'd and pin'd,
 That his wings were confin'd,
 'Till I op'd the door of his den;
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

S O N G.

ROUNDELAY.

*The favorite Song, sung by Mrs. Cargill, as
 Marinetta, in the Carnival of Venice.*

IN my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew;
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew:
 Jocund morn and evening gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

† D

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart;
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs
 Faithful echoes to the heart!
 Happy hours for ever gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
 Claim'd the merry delay.

S O N

THE GONDOLIER.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Carnival of Venice.

SOON as the busy day is o'er,
 And evening comes with pleasant shade,
 We Gondoliers from shore to shore,
 Merrily ply our jovial trade.

And while the moon shines on the stream,
 And as soft music breathes around;
 The feathering oar returns the gleam,
 And dips in concert to the sound.

Down by some convent's mould'ring walls
 Oft we hear the enamour'd youth;
 Softly the watchful fair he calls,
 Who whispers vows of love and truth.
And while the moon, &c.

And oft where the Rialto swells,
 With happier pairs we circle round;
 Whose secret sighs fond echo tells,
 Whose murmur'd vows she bids resound.
And while the moon, &c.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,
 That fearful love must own its sighs;
 Then smiles the maid to hear reveal'd
 How more than ever she complies.
And while the moon, &c.

S O N G.

AS SURE AS A GUN.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

SAYS Colin to me, I've a thought in my head,
 I know a young damsel I'm dying to wed.
 So please you quoth I—and whene'er it is done,
 You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as sure as a
 gun! &c.

And so when you're married, poor am'rous wight,
 You'll bill it and coo it, from morning to night;
 But trust me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun,
 Instead of which you'll fight and scratch—as sure as
 a gun!

But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,
 And you be as supple, and soft as a glove;
 Yet be she a saint, and as chaste as a nun,—
 You're fasten'd to her apron strings—As sure as a
 gun!

Suppose it was you then, said he with a leer,
 You wou'd not serve me so, I'm certain, my dear:
 In troth I replied, I will answer for none,—
 But do as other women do—As sure as a gun!

S O N G.

YOUNG LUBIN.

Sung by Mrs. Cargill, in the Carnival of Venice.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
 Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;
 They met, they lov'd; each others joy,
 Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,
 Nor wou'd their happiness delay;
 To-morrow's dawn their blifs should prove,
 To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
 One luckless lamb the current took,
 'Twas Rosalie's — she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save,
 Too fatally the youth obey'd:
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
 To give the little wanderer aid,

But scarce he guides him to the shore,
 When faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies;
 Ah Rosalie! for ever more,
 In this cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank—Oh! still be seen,
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;
 And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
 For ever sooth thy Lubin's shade.

S O N G.

PATIE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

PATIE is a lover gay,
 His brow is never cloudy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 Shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking,
 The shining of his een surprise,
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on the bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There many a kindly word he spoke,
 That set my heart a glowing:
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine,
 And lov'd me best of any,
 That gave me like to sing finfine,
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind,
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd
 We chafely should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry Patie,
 And from my cockernony ;
 He's free to touzle e're or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

S O N G.

OLD ENGLAND'S MY TOAST.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

WH O thirsts for more knowledge is welcome
 to roam,
 He may seek a new climate who is wretched at home ;
 Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
 May quit poor Old England whenever he will :
 But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
 For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
 Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-
 right I'm free ;
 Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
 I can sport in the fields, or can roar in my hall ;
 My time is my own, I can do as I will,
 I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high,
 I want no exotics, so easy am I,
 I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
 With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
 Contention I hate, and a bumper love most,
 You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old England's my
 toast.

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in May-Day, or Little Gipsy.

WHAT's a poor simple clown
To do in the town,
Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none;
The folks I saw there
Two faces did wear—
An honest man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roam,
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour;
To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as a curd, and now red:
La! how would you stare
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head!

Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
And with trinkets about,
With ribbands and flippets between;
They so noddle and tofs,
Just like a fore horse,
With tassels and bells in a team.

Let others, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,
 With lank-waisted chine,
 And a little skimp bit of a hat,
 Which from sun, wind, and rain,
 Will not shelter their brain,
 Tho' there's no need to take care of that.

Let others, &c.

Would you the creature's ape,
 In looks and their shape,
 Teach a calf on his hind legs to go ;
 Let him waddle in gait,
 A skim dish on his pate,
 And he'll look all the world like a beau.

Let others, &c.

S O N G.

THE JEW'S DESCRIPTION.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Duenna,

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can
 boast,
 But health and good humour, to make her his toast,
 If strait, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
 Or six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care.
 If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
 And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd see,
 Let her smile and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her, &c.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
 And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;
 For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
 I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

Only let, &c.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
 And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
 A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
 But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

She mayn't, &c.

S O N G.

WHEN WAR'S ALARMS.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Camp.

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from
 me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh;
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,
 'Woke e'er yet the morn was nigh:
 No other could delight him;
 Ah! why did I e'er flight him,
 Coldly answ'ring his fond tale;
 Which drove him far, amid the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
 For e're the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love :
 The hostile country over
 I'll fly to seek my lover,
 Scorning every threat'ning fear ;
 Nor distant shore,
 Nor cannons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

S O N G.

NANCY OF THE DALE.

Sung in the Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
 A camp's distress to prove ;
 All other ills she can sustain,
 But living from her love :
 Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
 Will not your spirit fail,
 To mark the hardships you must share,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale ?

Dear Nancy, &c.

'Or should you, love, each danger scorn,
 Ah ! how shall I secure
 Your health—'mid toils which you were born
 To sooth—but not endure :

A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail ;
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

S O N G.

THE DANCING MASTER.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Summer Amusements.

NEATEST of pretty feet, for dancing in-
 tended,
 Accept of a partner who always was commended,
 Slighting the finest dress, attentive to merit,
 He likes only those who can jig about with spirit.

Take me, madam, I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper,
 Stand first couple, make no scruple, strike up there
 gut scraper ;
 Turn about, turn about, that's right depend o'nt,
 Hands across, back again, and now there's an end
 on't.

If it should be thought that we should encore it,
 Permit me to offer you lemonade before it ;
 Negus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady,
 Your fan now will cool us both, speak when you're
 ready.

Take me, &c.

S O N G.

AULD ROBIN GREY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the
ky at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs fra my ee,
When my gude man lies sound by me.

Yong Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me for
his bride,
But saving a crown he had nathing beside:
'To mak this crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had na been awa a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick and the cow was stoun
awa,
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And Auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.

My father could na work, and my mither could na
spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na
win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi tears in
his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,
The ship it was a wreck, why did na Jamie die?
And why do I live to say wa es me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither did na
 speak,
 She look'd in my face 'till my heart was like to
 break ;
 So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at
 the sea,
 And Auld Robin Grey is gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I cou'd na think it he,
 'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
 We took but a kiss, and tore ourselves away :
 I wish I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
 And why do I live to say wa es me.

I gang like a ghaist, and care na to spin ;
 I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin ;
 But I'll do my best, a gude wife to be,
 For Auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

S O N G.

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall Gardens,

THE summer it was smiling, all nature round
 was gay,
 When Jenny was attending on Auld Robin Grey ;
 For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,
 But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.

Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cried, as sure as I had
 birth,
 Then see my poor old bones, I pray, laid into the
 earth,
 And be a widow, for my sake, a twelvemonth and
 a day,
 And I will leave whate'er belongs to Auld Robin
 Grey.

I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I could,
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very
 good;
 I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I
 figh'd,
 Oh! wa is me! what shall I do! since poor Auld
 Robin died.

Search every part throughout the land, there's none
 like me forlorn;
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born:
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away,
 My father's dead, my mither's dead, and eke Auld
 Robin Grey!

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun 'till setting
 day,
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for
 Robin Grey;
 I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant too,
 Let ev'ry one example take and Jenny's plan pursue.

I thought that Jemmy he was dead, or he to me was
 lost,
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was
 cross'd; I

I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time
away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive, since died Auld Robin
Grey.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd na
guess the cause,
Bra Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd so
much applause;
I doubted if the tale was true, 'till Jamie came to me,
And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said it is for
Thee.

Auld Robin Grey I find is dead, and still your heart
is true,
Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be
so too;
Mefs John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be
blith and gay,
I blush'd, consented, and reply'd, adieu to Robin
Grey.

S O N G.

THE GHAIST OF AULD ROBIN GREY.

TWAS in the dead of night, soon after Jenny
wed,
And wi her faithful Jamie was sleeping in her bed,
A hollow voice she heard, which call'd her to awake,
And listen to the words would be utter'd for her sake.

She started from her sleep, her bosom beat wi' fear,
When the ghaist of Robin Grey before her did ap-
pear;

It wav'd it's shadowy hand, and thus to her did say,
Ah! Jenny, list awhile to your Auld Robin Grey.

I do not come, dear Jean, your conduct to reprove,
Or interrupt the joys you share in constant Jamie's
love,

His honest heart deserves whate'er he can receive,
Since he has fought so nobly, and would not you
deceive.

Still let his courage rise, his country's foes to quell,
To you he safe shall come again, the fates now bid
me tell;

With Howe as well as Rodney his valour he'll dis-
play,

If you will but believe the ghaist of Robin Grey.

And Jenny must submit, your virtue is your guard,
For Fortune has in store for you a high and rich
reward;

The haughty Dons subdu'd, with Holland and with
France,

Your Jamie, with fresh laurels crown'd will to your
wish advance.

Then let him haste wi all his speed to join the noble
fleet,

Tho' danger does appear in view, no harm shall
Jamie meet;

But joyful shall return again upon a future day,
As you may sure believe the ghaist of Robin Grey.

S O N G.

JAMIE'S COMPLAINT; OR,

THE SEQUEL TO AULD ROBIN GREY.

SINCE Jenny she has married with Auld
Robin Grey,

Alas ! I dinna care how my time gangs away ;
Tho' hard were my misfortunes when I was wreck'd
at sea,

Yet soon had I forgot them had Jenny staid for me.

'Twas all for Jenny's sake that I sail'd on the main,
In hopes of getting richer her gaily to maintain ;
But fatal was the hour I ever went to sea,
Since Jenny's love is lost, and she did na stay for me.

If parents were poor, and cou'd na work or spin,
Yet Auld Robin Grey had na right for her to win ;
If charity he did from out his golden store,
The deed it might reward him—he should na ask na
more.

Sure gold it is a curs'd thing, of love it is the bane,
Yet wa is me, I cry to think that I had nane ;
Yet womens love is fickle, as cantie as the wind,
My Jenny she has prov'd it so, alas ! too true I find.

What made the old carl take sic a lovely maid,
The winter of his age is not fitting for her bed ;
Like stain he lies beside her, and snores the night awa,
Had she but staid for Jamie it had na been fa.

Her breasts were like the lilies, her cheeks were like
the rose,
And her breath it was as sweet as the zephyr when
it blows;
Her eyes they were like stars in a frosty night so fine,
Yet wae is Jamie's heart, she never can be mine.

True love belongs to man, for women they have
none,
Or Auld Robin Grey cou'd ne'er have Jenny won:
It was his gold that charm'd while I was gone to sea,
Yet sure she can't be happy for thus deceiving me.

Adieu then, my false Jenny, since war now calls to
arms,
I'll sail upon the ocean, and quite forget thy charms;
I'll fight against the foe, no matter death or life,
Since Auld Robin Grey has got Jenny for a wife.

Yet should I return, the news it may be spread,
That Jenny she is free again, and Auld Robin dead;
I'll wait what fate ordains, and never more repine,
But yet will live in hopes, that Jenny may be mine.

S O N G.

THE HERMIT.

Sung by Dr. Beattie.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still
And mortals the sweet of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the
grove:

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonius, a Hermit
began:

No more with himself, or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.

But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
mourn;

O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent dis-
plays:

But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her
blaze.

Roll on thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue,
The path that conducts thee to splendour again,
But man's faded glory what change shall renew,
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for
you:

For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glit'ring
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?

O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

S O N G.

A CONTINUATION OF THE HERMIT.

'T WAS thus, by the glare of false science
 betray'd,
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to
 shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 O pity great father of light, then I cry'd,
 Thy creature who fain would not wander from
 thee!
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
 From doubt and from darkness thou only can'st
 free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See truth, love and mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Edens first bloom!
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
 blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

And beauty, &c.

S O N G.

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD.

Sung in the Camp.

THE fife and drum sound merrily
 A soldier, a soldier's the lad for me,
 With my true love I soon will be,
 For who so kind, so true as he,
 With him in every toil I'll share,
 To please him shall be all my care.
 Each peril I'll dare,
 All hardships I'll bear;
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind heaven preserve my love,
 What rapturous joys shall his Nancy prove;
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd,
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest.
 Clasp'd in these arms,
 Forget wars alarms.
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

S O N G.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAY S. Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great ?
 Why look he, with insolent disdain,
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state !
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair ;
 Can all the glories of a crown,
 Give health, or ease the brow of care.

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction lie :
 Go, search the tombs where monarch's rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the metoer thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train ;
 When shot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
 Dissolves to common air again :
 So 'tis with us my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
 When Jove commands we must obey.

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S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See, the sun beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high:
The wild heath, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the valleys reply:
And the floods, &c.

Our fore-fathers so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar.
By encount'ring &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd :
Where the bosom, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.
Still let ours, &c.

With the chase in full fight,
Gods, how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine!
How our mortal, &c.

Where is care ? where is fear ?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine!
And the man's, &c.

Now to horse my brave boys ;
Lo ! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole ;
That anon, &c.

Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chase over the bowl.
And renew, &c.

S O N G.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade,
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made ;
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
 Thither, retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove ;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought.
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd, he star'd !—her lovely form survey'd,
 And while with artless voice, he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue :

A I R.

The stream that glides in-murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene:
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heaven itself is sure display'd
 Too lovely Iphigene !

† E

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus, with extacy pursu'd his song :

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck ;
 Thy love inspiring mien :
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene !

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence,
 The formal clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait ;
 Bids him be secret and next day attend,
 At the same hour to meet his faithful friend :
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kind'ling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul;
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,
 Had made our lives of too long date;
 But blest with beauty and with love,
 We taste what Angels do above.

S O N G.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 (Where sad despair and famine always
 dwells)

A meagre Frenchman, madame Granfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd, his carcase that way took;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd fir-loin,
 On which in vain he often wish'd to dine:
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd;
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd.

A I R.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee.
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd sir-loin, of times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad,
 On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate.
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed,
 Soup-meagre, frog, and fallad.

RECITATIVE.

A half starv'd foldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen;
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food;
 His morning mess forsook (the friendly bowl)
 And in small streams along the pavement stole,
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Die! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar it be de roast beef from Londree:
 O! grant to me van letal bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies,
In kind compassion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard of right Hibernian clay,
(Whose brazen front his country did betray)
From Tyburn's fatal tree had thither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread;
Soon as the well-known prospect he descri'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

A I R,

(*Ellen a Roon*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy sight is,
My joy that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls run out of my eyes.

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
Ah, hard hearted Loui!
Why did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by, poor Sawney sat,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
E 3 But'

But when old England's bulwark he espi'd,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
 With lifted hands he blest'd his native place,
 Then scrub'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

A I R.

(The broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great.

*O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down.*

Ah, Charley, hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me;
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine eyn,
 E're I had gang'd wi'thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see, my muse to England takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite;
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 Throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known;
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftier strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his fize he could quickly attain.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef!*

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame.
Cried, son, to attempt it you're surely to blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard, made him
burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear,
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able,
To see the sir-loin smoaking hot on the table,
The French may e'en boast like the frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

S O N G.

SWEET PRETTY MOG.

Sung in the Register Office.

MY sweet pretty Mog, you're as soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten:
 Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case!)
 Poor Dermot have smitten, poor Dermot have
 smitten:

For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
 Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil;
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville:
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a
 goddess,

So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky;
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
 whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel;
 No rest can I take, and asleep or awake
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
 Your hate then give over, nor Dermot your lover
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle!
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

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S O N G.

THE PIGEON.

WHY tarries my love,
Why tarries my love,
Why tarries my love from me;
Come hither my dove,
I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.

And send him, &c.

I'll tie it to thy leg,
I'll tie it to thy leg,
I'll tie it so fast with a string;
Ah, not to my leg,
Fair lady, I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

She drew o'er his neck,
She drew o'er his neck,
A bell and a collar so gay;
She tied to his wing,
The scroll with a string,
And kiss'd him, so sent him away.

It rain'd, and it blew,
It rain'd, and it blew,
And he flew, he flew, and he flew;
Till wet was his wing,
And painful the string,
And heavy the letter it grew.

He flutter'd around,
 Till Colin he found,
 And his poor little heart it did burn;
 The shepherd went back,
 But woe and alack!
 The pigeon did never return.

S O N G.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING SONG.

Sung in the Winter's Tale.

COME, come my good shepherds, our flocks
 we must shear;
 In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear;
 The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free,
 And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught,
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our
 eyes,
 For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
 But we as the children of nature are bred,
 By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
 For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the
 breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
 Content and sweet chearfulness open our door,
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G.

A BACCANALIAN STILE.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams
 with mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e're drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester but.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time, into clay had dissolv'd it again;

A potter found out, in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY BRITON.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own
 land,

Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Come join, &c.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
 cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.

Let us sing, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and
 pale,

They drink of the squeezing of half-ripen'd fruit;
 But we that have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Should

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with
 our poles,
 We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern
 jaws ring ;
 For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls
 Who will shed their last drop for their country
 and king.

Let us sing, &c.

S O N G.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter ;
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter :
 The noble mind is not at all,
 By poverty degraded ;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each free-born Britons song shall be,
 Or give me death or liberty,
 Or give me, &c.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us ;

By

By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum;
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em?
 No!—every Briton's song should be,
 Give me death or liberty,
 Give me death, &c.

S O N G.

THE BRIDEWELL SONG.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Choice of Harlequin.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon
 the lay,
 In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye sport
 and play;
 Ratling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
 I'm Jigger Dubber here, and you're welcome to
 Mill Doll.

With my tow, row, &c.

At your Insurance-Office the flats you've taken in,
 The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, you're always
 sure to win;
 First you touch the shiners—the number up—you
 break,
 With your insuring policy, I'd not insure your neck!

With my tow, row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
 English blows,
 And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly
 shews :
 Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, aye, thump away
 Monsieur,
 The hemp you're beating now will make your soli-
 taire.

With my tow, row, &c.

My peepers, who've we here now? why this is sure
 Black Moll,
 My ma'am, you're of the fair sex, so welcome to
 Mill Doll :
 The Cull with you who'd venture into a snoozing
 ken,
 Like blackamoor Othello, should put out the light,
 and then —

With my tow, row, &c.

I think, my flashy Coachman, that you'll take better
 care,
 Not for a little bub come the slang upon your fare :
 Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you nip,
 Tho' you're a flashy Coeahman, here the Gagger
 holds the whip.

With my tow, row, &c.

CHORUS.

We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers, we're all
 upon the lay,
 In Tetchill-fields gay sheep walk, like lambs we
 sport and play ;

Ratling

Ratling up our Darbies, we're ever at your call,
You are Jigger Dubber here, and we're forc'd for to
Mill Doll.

With our tow row, &c.

S O N G.

GALLOPING DREARY DUN.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

AIR—PADRILLO.

A Master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily,
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,
Gallop'ing galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
I mounted my mule, and we rode away.

With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Gallop'ing dreary dun ;
The nightingale sung instead of the lark.

Wish her haily, &c.

We met with a Friar and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 By the Lord, says the Friar, you are both astray.
With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 We wander alone like the babes i' the wood.
With our haily, &c.

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 But now I think better—I'll e'en go to sleep.
With my haily, &c.

S O N G.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

COME buffle, buffle, drink about,
 And let us merry be ;
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.
And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,
 The minuet to tread ;
 But we go better when we've brought
 The fore-tack to cat-head.
And a sailing, &c.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
And swiftly rides the race;
But swifter far we shape our course,
When we are giving chace.

And a sailing, &c.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers;
As loud we hollow, when we send
A broadside to Monfieurs.

And a sailing, &c.

The What's-their-names at uproar squall,
With music fine and soft;
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft.

And a sailing, &c.

With gold and silver streamer's fine,
The ladies rigging shew;
But English Ships more grander shine,
When prizes home we tow.

And a sailing, &c.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives;
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
Thus pass the sailors lives.

And a sailing, &c.

S O N G.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heav'ns command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain,—

*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
Must, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
More, &c.

As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

'Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down ;
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 Thy cities, &c.
 And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Shall to, &c.
 Blest Isle ! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.*

S O N G.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main.
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find, at last, content and ease :
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole ;

Tho'

Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home :
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew ;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

S O N G.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn ;
 The hounds all join in jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
 Her arms to make him stay ;
 My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
 You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
 Their steeds they soundly switch ;
 Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
 And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight :
 Then, weary, homeward we return,
 And drink away the night.

And a drinking, &c.

S O N G.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

Sung in the School for Scandal.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
 Likewise to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And likewise to her that has none, sir ;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to her that's but one, sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient I care not a feather ;
 So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

S O N G.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes,
 Sound, sound the trumpet, beat, beat the
 drum ;
 From port to port let canons roar.
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air :
 From pole to pole your joys resound,
 For virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

S O N G.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we
 steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year ;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves.

C H O R U S.

*Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady ;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay ;
 They never see us but they wish us away :
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They'll frighten our women, our children and beaus ;
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
 sweat,
 In spite of the Devil, or Brussel's gazette :
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king !

F I N I S.



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